

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER VIII.

There was no answer, and Rob's heart sank again. Torrey was in the plot against him, too, and had simply come to satisfy himself that Rob was in his deadly prison.

After a short time—perhaps fifteen minutes—when Rob had given up all hope, he heard a greater noise outside. "Now!" he heard Torrey say in a voice of command. "All together."

There came to Rob the sounds of men grunting as if straining at an effort, and suddenly the stone rolled away, letting in a flood of daylight. There stood Torrey and a half dozen of the men from the "Black Cat" whom he had brought to move the rock—a job too great for one man to accomplish.

"My jewel! My jewel!" exclaimed Torrey, in an extravagance of ecstasy, grasping Rob and hugging him. "You did that well! You did that well! By the saints, you did that well!"

This was a sudden change again. Rob wondered what kind of a man Torrey was to brutally strike him one hour and hug him and call him a jewel the next.

"I don't understand!" he said. "I didn't think you were my friend."

"Not your friend! Indeed, what do you call the man who lets you out of that place?"

"Yes, but that rope's end!" Captain Torrey burst into a boisterous laugh.

"Oh, that! Why, didn't you understand? If I had treated you with kindness Elvin would have asked questions. And, when Starnie came I clubbed you well, so that you would not raise your face for him to see it. Ho! We did it well! But for that we would both be dead now."

"Did they miss me?" asked Rob.

"No, thank me for that, too. I

of my age just because his son hates me?"

"Captain Elvin will kill anybody he wants to get rid of. He is the most suspected and the most feared of all men in Buenos Ayres. But he is so crafty that the government cannot catch him."

"But you! Why do you stick to a man like that?"

"Oh! I! Because it is to my advantage. You see, young señor, we are not all in favor of this government of ours. I did something once that brought me in disfavor. I was to be shot. I escaped, with the help of Elvin, and turned—well, I became the captain of the 'Black Cat.' Richard Elvin knows me body and soul. Now, you know why I am afraid to let him know I saved your life."

"But of course the danger is over now," said Rob. "You can take me to Buenos Ayres and let me find my uncle. Then your danger will end."

Captain Torrey looked at Rob with wide-open eyes. It was as if he thought Rob had taken leave of his senses.

"Take you to Buenos Ayres! Take you to Buenos Ayres! What! Why, my danger would just begin. As long as I can keep you here with me and make Elvin think you are my nephew, I am safe. But once let you go to Buenos Ayres, and Elvin would have my life in an hour."

"But I would not tell that you saved me."

Torrey shook his head.

"No, no. It will not do," he said.

"You must give that up. You are one of the crew of 'El Gato Negro' now. You must so remain. What! It is not a bad life. You see the world. We live on the best. What more do you want?"

"I want to reach my uncle."

Torrey turned on him savagely.



THERE WAS NO MERCY IN THE SCOWLING FACE.

cursed you and said I had sent you on board the schooner. They went away, and I set sail for the mouth of the river. Then, when they had time to get far away, I came back. I knew where to find you. Oh! You are wise enough. But come on board. You must be hungry."

"I am starving."

Torrey led the way back to the river, where the boat from the "Black Cat" was waiting. They were soon on board, and a substantial meal was at once set before Rob, who did full justice to it. Captain Torrey sat near him smoking while he ate.

"I tell you, it was a close shave," said the captain. "When I saw the young man I thought it was all up. But I clubbed you well, did I not?"

"I should say so," said Rob, shrugging his shoulders, which still ached from the drubbing. "But what is the meaning of it all?"

"The meaning of it is—the meaning of my part of it is this: For some reason or other, Starnie wanted you to die. If he or Elvin knew I saved your life either one would kill you and me. They stop at nothing. I don't know why Starnie wanted to kill you, but I know enough not to let him kill me."

"Who are these men?"

"Well, Elvin—Richard Elvin, the captain—is the chief of the Independents. That is a party opposed to everything in the present government. He is the boss of the smugglers, is rich, lives in Buenos Ayres, and is constantly conspiring in some way against the government, as well as getting richer in every way he can. The secret of his wishing your death must be connected with your relationship to Horton."

"But who is Lemuel Starnie?"

"He isn't Lemuel Starnie at all. He is Lemuel Elvin, the captain's son."

"But he hates me."

"Perhaps not. He may simply want to get you out of his way."

"But how can I be in his way?"

"I don't know. I am not in their secrets."

"Is Elvin so cruel as to kill a boy

"See here!" he said in a tone that could not be mistaken. "I am not quite so bad as Elvin or as Starnie. I saved you twice. But if you think I am going to run my head in a noose to take you to your uncle, you are mistaken. You stay here, do you understand? Obey me and you will get along. But try to play me false and I will kill you before Elvin has a chance to kill me."

Rob looked at him appealingly. There was no mercy in the dark and now scowling countenance. He strolled on deck and gave sunny orders. The dark crew sprang to work, the anchor was raised, and sails spread. The "Black Cat" headed down the river.

"Where are we going? Where are you taking me?" asked Rob, who had followed Torrey on deck.

"To Rio de Janeiro," said Torrey, calmly. "We go to get another cargo of rum and tobacco."

Rob stood helplessly, with beating heart, sorrowfully watching the waves made by the "Black Cat" as she gathered headway.

Was he never to find his uncle? Was he never to see his dear mother again? Was he to live and die a prisoner among these outlaws?

There was no answer to his frantic thoughts.

He was on his way to Brazil. What disasters might not befall him before he ever saw Buenos Ayres, or even New York, again—if, indeed, he ever saw either?

"Go get some sleep," said Torrey, now losing his severe manner. "You need sleep; go get it."

Rob did not dare disobey even so simple a command. So he went to his cabin, and on the comfortable bed sobbed himself to sleep once more.

CHAPTER IX.

The journey to Brazil lasted about two weeks, and passed without any noteworthy incident. Of course Rob was sorrowful over his gloomy prospects, but he was wise enough to hide his feelings when Captain Torrey was

near him, and not to make any attempts to escape. Indeed, there was no possibility of escape. Rob might, if he felt so inclined, jump overboard, but they were far out at sea, and to commit so foolishly an act was simply to leap to his death. So Rob bided his time, took things as easily as he could, and waited till the schooner should have returned to Argentina to try and reach his uncle.

In truth, Rob's condition on board the "Black Cat," after that one burst of passion from Torrey, was not hard. The captain exacted no arduous tasks from him. He was well fed, and had been there willingly he would have found much to enjoy in the novel situation.

The swarthy crew treated him with a friendliness born of their fear of Torrey, and their respect for Torrey's friends.

So, by the time the "Black Cat" came to her anchorage at an obscure spot near the wharfage at Rio de Janeiro, Rob was in a tranquil state of mind.

It was evident that Torrey had made this trip many times before. He knew all the ropes, and no sooner had the schooner made anchor than he was ashore visiting his old cronies and arranging for a fresh cargo to be carried to the cave on La Plata.

On shipboard Torrey drank copiously, but was never under the influence of the liquor he drank. But Rob found that when free from the necessity of maintaining discipline among his crew he gave free license to his appetite. Thus it happened that when the fresh cargo was ready to come aboard, Capt. Torrey was hopelessly and maudlin drunk. He staggered to where Rob stood on deck, carrying a blank paper in his hand.

"See here, boy," he said, striving to maintain his equilibrium and speaking thickly, "I can't do this. Old Elvin demands a full tally. He's no fool, Elvin. See, his people here are not to be trusted. And he don't trust me. You'll have to do this."

"What is there to do, captain?" asked Rob, somewhat afraid of the blackeyed drunkard.

"Why, you fool! Mark down what comes aboard. See, now?"

"Oh, yes. I'll do that. You go to bed."

"That's a good boy," said Torrey.

With implicit confidence in the young American he went to his cabin.

Rob procured a pen and ink from the captain's room and, taking a convenient position on deck, making a table of a square chest, he carefully jotted down in a clear, firm hand each article as it was brought on board and lowered into the hold. There were bales of tobacco and bales of silk. There were casks of rum and hundreds of bottles of wine. There were more rifles and more ammunition—enough, Rob thought, for an army. All these, in proper order, and with each separate quantity specified, Rob noted in his tally.

This took all of two days. By the time the loading was finished Torrey had slept off his drunkenness and the "Black Cat" set sail again for the south.

Rob had done a simple act, but it was destined to have great influence on his future, as also upon Torrey's. Had Torrey foreseen the result of that spree he would undoubtedly have restrained himself and remained sober.

At last, after three weeks' voyaging, the "Black Cat" reached her anchorage in the little bay. One of the crew was sent ashore by Torrey, and Rob learned that this method was used to notify Captain Elvin when the "Black Cat" arrived with a contraband cargo.

In a few hours the tall, ugly Englishman reached the place on horseback, and was followed by the same gang of swarthy laborers Rob had seen before. Rob was in constant fear lest Lemuel Starnie—or Lemuel Elvin—should also come and recognize him. But the younger man never came there unless on urgent business with his father, and Rob was safe this time.

(To be continued.)

The Spectacle Habit.

"It is a singular and grotesque fact," said an eye specialist of New Orleans to a Times-Democrat man, "that a great many uneducated people get into the spectacle habit without any need whatever for wearing glasses. Take for instance, a man whose eyes become a little inflamed from exposure to the sun or some other cause. His sight is all right, and what he really needs is a soothing lotion of some sort to allay the irritation of the membrane. Very frequently, however, he will imagine that he requires a pair of spectacles, and will buy them at the cheapest place he can find without the slightest regard to the suitability of the lenses. In nine cases out of ten it is almost impossible for him to see through the things, but he will wear them as much as he can, believing that his eyes are being benefited. Such instances are astonishingly common among the poorer classes, and the peddlers who go through the country districts always carry several dozen cheap 'specs' in their packs. They find a ready sale. I have had several country people come to me for treatment who were wearing glasses that contained only one lens. They would explain that they took the other one out so they could see to get around. When they were fitted with proper lenses they were very much surprised to find they could see better through them than with their natural eyes. The wearing of spectacles in some remote rural districts amounts almost to a superstition—when people arrive at a certain age they believe they ought to put them on, regardless of their actual vision."

HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.

TARIFF TAX ON WOOD PULP A COSTLY ONE.

May Compel Subscribers to Pay More for Their Country Newspaper—The Cry for Its Instant Repeal Is Very Loud—Paper Trust Robbery.

There are very conclusive reasons why the present tariff tax on wood pulp and printing paper should be repealed, and there is no reason in the interest of American industry that pleads for the continuance of these taxes. They are now simply an element of robbery under color of law, and they should be effaced from our statutes.

The paper trust is now taxing the newspaper and book publishers of the country many millions, not because of any such actual increase in the cost of producing paper, but because the trust has the power to extort from the purchasers of paper up to the extent that would make tariff-taxed foreign paper and pulp cheaper than the prices demanded here. This trust has played its scheme of extortion to the uttermost, and congress should at once remove the tax that protects no American industry and that has become only an agent to rob the consumers.

Two-thirds of the wood pulp used in the manufacture of paper for American consumption should come from Canada, but it is excluded by a tariff tax, and we are now rushing headlong in the destruction of our forests, while Canada, with its almost limitless supply of timber, cannot reach our markets because of the tax imposed by the tariff.

The two conclusive reasons which should make congress act promptly are—first, that the paper trust should be at once halted in its rapid destruction of our American forests by the admission of free wood pulp from Canada; and, second, that the present extortion practiced by the paper trust upon publishers of newspapers and books should cease to have the protection of the government.

The time has come when any trust that makes arbitrary profits by tariff duties must cease to be protected by the government. Where American industry needs protection it is reasonable to permit it, but where alleged protection is used only for systematic robbery, it must be overthrown.

We can now manufacture paper as cheaply as any country in the world. There is no excuse whatever for a tax upon the manufactured articles, and the raw material should be free, not only because the general principle is correct, but because if it shall not be done promptly our forests will be practically destroyed within a few years by tariff taxes excluding the lumber of Canada from our markets.

Paper and pulp must be made free of all taxes, as the paper trust has demonstrated that these taxes serve only a single purpose—that is to invite robbery under color of law.—Philadelphia Times.

A Hard Rain.

"It rains a great deal in the Puget sound country," said the man from that section, "and I heard of a funny incident not long ago about it. Some chap had come from the Mississippi valley to take up his residence at Whatcom, on Bellingham bay, where there are very high tides. When the boat landed him at the end of the long pier extending over the tide flats the water was low and the new man didn't notice anything but a wide stretch of sand between the boat and the town. It was in the evening about dark and was raining, and he went to the hotel on the front street and stayed there, going to bed without having gone out for a walk. The next morning when he got up he looked out and the tide was in, the water coming up close to the hotel. He gazed at the widespread waters for an instant, and throwing up his hands in astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Gee whiz, but it must have rained hard last night!' Then he hurried down stairs to the office to find out if there was any danger from the flood, and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some much-needed information."—Washington Star.

Both in the Same Box.

A parson who occasionally preaches in South London arrived to take the place of the vicar, who had been called away on account of some family bereavement, and found an old and rather asthmatic lady struggling up the steps which led to the front door. He courteously gave her his arm to assist her and when they reached the top the dame asked him if he knew who was going to preach. "Mr. So-and-So," replied the parson, giving his own name. "Oh, dear me," exclaimed the old lady; "help me down again, if you please; I'd rather listen to the groaning and creaking of a windmill than sit under him," and she prepared to descend. The parson gently assisted her downstairs and slightly remarked as he bade her good-by: "I wouldn't go in, either, if I weren't the preacher."

New Method of Lighting Tunnels.

A new method of lighting tunnels is about to be adopted in one constructed in Paris for an electric road. Electric lamps will be turned on automatically as the train enters the tunnel and cut off automatically as it emerges. The lights are arranged on each side on a level with the windows of the cars, so that during daytime it will not be necessary to turn on the light in the cars. This mode has been devised by a French inventor, and doubtless will be found of great utility.

OF FAR REACHING EFFECT.

Township Sugar Mill Bonds Declared Invalid.

KNOCKED OUT ON DEMURRER.

Topeka, Feb. 17.—United States District Judge Hook in declaring invalid the bonds which were issued by Mission township as a bonus for the sugar mill which was erected west of the city several years ago, usually known as the sugar mill bonds, may be far-reaching in its effect.

The bonds were knocked out on a demurrer. The original issue was for \$10,000, and they are not yet due, but the township defaulted the interest on them. W. S. Dodge, of Cleveland, Ohio, the present holder of the bonds, brought suit in the federal court to collect the defaulted interest. That was before Attorney General Godard was elected to his present office, and he was employed by the township to defend the suit. He filed a demurrer to the petition in the suit, claiming that the sugar mill was not such a public enterprise as could be aided by voting bonds for it as the bonds had to be paid with a tax levy.

Judge Hook took this view of the case, stating that the law under which the bonds were issued allowed the mill owners to compel contracts for growing cane to be made before the cane was planted, otherwise the mill was not compelled to use it when offered. Judge Hook held that to be a public enterprise the mill would have to grind all the sugar cane brought to it for grinding. As it was not compelled to do this it was not a public enterprise, and therefore not entitled to public aid.

The attorneys for the plaintiff will rest their case on the decision on the demurrer and will take the case to the United States court of appeals on that decision.

This decision may affect many other bonds now outstanding in the state. Cities and townships voted bonds to aid all kinds of enterprises during the boom times. Many of these will come under the head of private enterprises and probably can be declared invalid under Judge Hook's decision, unless the federal court of appeals reverses him.

For Protection of Treaty Rights.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The senate committee on foreign relations authorized a favorable report on the bill providing for the punishment of violations of the treaty rights of aliens. The bill authorizes proceedings in the United States courts in cases of assaults upon aliens. Mr. Foraker, in his report, places the motive for the bill in the ignorance of foreign governments concerning our internal affairs. He urges the wisdom of conferring jurisdiction upon the United States courts and says that to do so will not interfere with the jurisdiction of the state courts.

"It seems obvious," says the report, "that the government of the United States should be in a situation to enforce its treaty stipulations and accord the protection to aliens which it guarantees."

Floods in Great Britain.

London, Feb. 19.—Rains and a rapid thaw have caused many rivers to overflow and there are unprecedented floods in various parts of the United Kingdom. Several provincial towns are inundated, great damage has been done to farms, hundreds of sheep and other livestock have been drowned, and much of the railroad traffic is suspended.

Excluded From Parlor Car.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 19.—Mon Fung Young, a Chinese doctor, was awarded \$8,937 by a jury in the circuit court in a verdict against the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railway, because a negro porter of the railway company would not permit him to ride in the parlor car of the train.

Coal to Go Higher.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 17.—The price of coal in Pittsburg and vicinity will be advanced from 25 to 50 per cent, dating from April 1. The many rumors to this effect were confirmed by Colonel W. P. Read, the millionaire operator of Chicago and prominent stockholder in the local coal combine. He says the advance is brought about, first, by the advance in wages to miners; second, by what he considers the ridiculously low prices which have always prevailed here. The Colonel says also that the coal famine in the East and in Europe makes it hard for operators East and West to fill orders.

Demand for American Coal.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The representatives of the state department in all manufacturing countries of Europe have transmitted accounts of the industrial distress that has resulted from the heavy increase of price of coal in England, and now Ambassador Draper, at Rome, thinks the situation in Italy is worthy the attention of coal mining enterprises in the United States. His communication points to the fact that a large margin of profit is now offered to American coal exporters.

A woman is a labor-saving device to pile up wood for a man to saw.

An All-Year Resort.
The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations. Through Sleeping Cars via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

A man never fully realizes the wonderful patience his wife has until he gets sick and has to be waited upon.

The liberal offer made by the T. M. Roberts Supply House of Minneapolis, Minn., should be of interest to all our readers. In addition to the best bargain ever offered in seeds they give a high grade knife free of charge with each purchase. The firm is thoroughly reliable.

When a school teacher bakes a cake, everybody wants to taste it.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '98.

Some people are too stingy to pay storage on their souls.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

An egotist is a man who thinks himself better than his neighbors.

The Largest in the World.
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., say the largest Mfrs. of Cocoa and Chocolate in the world.

A fool speaks without reflecting and a mirror reflects without speaking.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Any woman is worth her weight in gold—so she thinks.

SUCCESS FOR THE DAIRY.
To secure the best results in the care of milk and butter, attention must be given details. The milking machine, if properly done, and all vessels used must be kept scrupulously clean by washing morning and night in hot water with Ivory Soap, then rinsing well in cold water and setting out to air and sun.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

The cigar is as respectable as the corset.

THE Pleasantest, most powerful, effective and never failing REMEDY for

Rheumatism Sciatica.

LA GRIPPE AND CATARRH.

If all knew what thousands know of the efficacy of "5 DROPS" as a Curative as well as a Preventive of any Ache or Pain known to the human body, there would not be a family in all America without a bottle of "5 DROPS." Send for trial bottle, 25c, or large bottle, containing 300 doses, \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 100-104 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Elevator Sickness.

Physicians have discovered a new and distinct modern ailment, which they call elevator sickness. It is asserted by reputable medical men that the large increase in the number of cases of brain fever and nervous disorders is due in no insignificant degree to the extension of the elevator system. Most people feel a sensation as if they were falling when going down in a rapidly moving "lift," and the constant repetition of this seemingly slight dizziness induces chronic headache or other nerve disorders, and even leads to brain fever in some instances. Those who habitually ride up and down six or eight stories two or three times a day almost invariably become a prey to some form of nervous trouble.

Odd Cure for Rheumatism.

The latest form of massage employed in Germany in the treatment of rheumatic finger joints consists in thrusting the hand into a deep glass partially filled with mercury and dipping and raising it about thirty times at each treatment.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The pro-prietary have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Whenever the demand for kisses exceeds the supply a young man is always anxious to establish a balance of trade.

Duty on a Mouse.

Uncle Sam is a stern stickler for form, and the amount of red tape employed in the custom house is really remarkable. It was demonstrated the other day that not even a tiny mouse can creep into our domains from foreign shores without paying duty, says the Philadelphia Record. A gentleman returning from Europe brought with him a pet white mouse, of which he had grown very fond. His "mouse-lets" was assessed at 20 per cent, which so enraged its owner that he vigorously protested. The case was appealed, and the board of classification of the board of general appraisers, after mature deliberation in solemn conclave, handed down a decision in which the protest was overruled.

A Street of Cairo.

The spacious public square of Cairo, Egypt, is called the Esbekyeh. It contains nearly half a million square feet, and is surrounded by the principal hotels and prominent buildings of the city. In order to prevent its inundation by the rise of the Nile, a canal was built around it, but this has become filled in. A portion of the square is now used as a public garden, and there are theaters, cafes, and other places of amusement on it that make it easily the center of life of the city.